



IUScholarWorks at Indiana University South Bend

Drought

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David Dodd Lee

Drought

Ah, Coffee. Or the roots of the basswood, material for
building kites, diving under my porch steps. Rust collects in

the basin
from which I irrigate using rain water, blood spilling

into a wound, the hot earth absorbing it. If I'm stressed
enough its disappearance might do an uncanny-valley

number on
me, while the flight of the oriole's like something witnessed

through night goggles, a rhythm-strip popping on a heart
monitor. Have you ever imagined the conversation during your

own hypothetical
autopsy? *This shit's spread all over. It's amazing he lasted*

through winter. I look at the hacksaw hanging on my garage
wall, a tool for dismantling. My coffee is hot, spiked with

Irish cream.
I feel a breeze, the only thing around here without a body.
